

VOICE

October 1995 Volume 3 Number 1

one year anniversary issue

Crispin Glover

Wu-Tang Clan

Dan Clowes

War!



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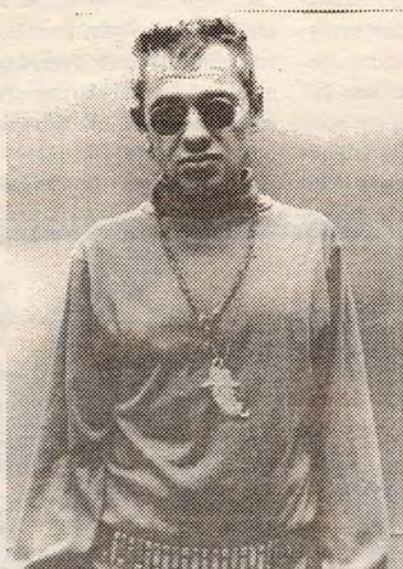
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Voice Girl Jen split Montreal and got this hoity toity job in San Francisco working for Fat Wreck records. -photo: Steve Legari



Voice Boy Charles (visiting from Planet Uranus), loves cutting hair, barbeques & his therapist Dr. Boozie. -photo: Steve Legari

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The *Voice of Montreal* is now officially *Voice Magazine*, hello Ottawa. This last year has been a fantastic struggle culminating in the booty-kicking one-year anniversary issue you're now holding. This work represents *Voice Magazine's* truest intentions; to understand culture through the exposure and analysis of the expansive creature that it is.

As the 11 which preceded it, this issue was guided by and dictated to serve the mandate defined in Vol.0 No.0. Making something out of nothing is a

task without parallel. But put simply, the gratification of putting *Voice* onto the streets conquers all negativity we have encountered. We believe in it.

After one year, I'd like to give a shout-out to our writers, editors, photographers, artists, and advertisers. You rule, we love you, and you know who you are.

As far as Ottawa goes. You have a wicked scene and there is a mutual need. We've come to your town for the exact reason we started *Voice Magazine* originally. Requirement. Have a chillin' year. —Suroosh Y. Alvi

War is the Shit

by Shane Smith

*Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.*
-Dylan Thomas

It was about three in the morning. The coke had worn off and we left the club, heading for the hills above Belgrade. Buzzing of the speed and the light of the phosphorescent bullets, we fired our machine guns into the trees. As the sun rose some of us drank peppered vodka in an effort to come down. I passed out....

"THE HORROR, THE HORROR," wrote Joseph Conrad, attempting to express the regret and surprise experienced in the moments before death; the realization that savagery runs in our blood. War breeds this savagery, swinging open the cage doors which lock the beasts deep in our souls. They rage through our blood surging with power, wanting to smash everything.

War is madness. War is death surrounding you. War is the shit; as addictive and consuming as heroin. War is an invitation to the greatest party of all, the one before you die.

There is no peace and there will be no peace. Marshal Tito, the former Yugoslavia's soft dictator, was so paranoid that the big Russian bear was going to come sniffing 'round his ass that he gave every household a machine gun and made sure they could use it. Imagine that happening in the U.S., or even Canada; the chaos and destruction that would result. Add to this animosities which span back centuries, millions of dollars worth of arms shovelled in on both sides, and CNN diplomacy.

The result? Sheer, bullgoose lunacy. Here, in the mire of dirty history pages and hatred, the youth of the former Yugoslavia are raving, smoking, shooting, fucking, sucking, burning; man, it's a beautiful orgy of punk.

A night out in Belgrade is one hell of a time. My friend Boris, a Serb from Montenegro, describes it best. "It's fucking incredible man, one, two, three, tablets of ecstasy, the bass just boom, boom, boom, a big pile of coke on the table, women, men, everyone fucking. Take a goddamn car, crash it, shoot your mother-fucking guns, explode one of those

big Russian bomb mines WABAM! HA HA HA. Man, it's a goddamned party." And he's right, it is.

For young people in the former Yugoslavia life is debauched and excessive; a jagged cliffwalk that can't be easily explained. Forced to fight in their grandparents' war, usually at gun point, reviled by the world, and afraid of death, the youths have embraced the demons in all our hearts and thrown the weakness of rationality into the same bonfire they themselves are cast into by a world which makes money off destruction.

Right? Wrong? Who cares! It's the way it is; CNN can fuck off! Feel the rage burn in your veins.

Agrrghhhhhhhhh!

Burn it all!

Blow the fucker up boys, girls sucking your cock, one more tab, beautiful man. The boys in Vietnam knew it, the Rusksies in Afghanistan learned it. Lovely. It's only hard when it all stops, you're still alive, and the hangover hits. But until then "War is Hell" and Hell is a lot of fun.

The shocking thing, in a lucid moment, is that war, as it happens, is not tragic. That comes after. People die, sometimes a lot of people, but then again people die in staggering numbers everyday. That means so little at the time, passion blocks it all out. No, what is spectacular is that war is a riot. Caught up in it you see the exhilaration,

weapons, forged in the chaos that surrounds them.

...I woke up with the sun coming through the high windows of a big Muslim house. Breathing was hard, my chest still hurt from where we had torn through the safety barrier the night before. My legs were covered in cuts and dried blood, a legacy from being chased through the woods by the military police.

The night before Adi had given us big goblets of brandy spiked with speedballs of coke and heroin. Five of us painted our naked torsos bright blue, stole a police car and tore off, just for the crank; two had been shot.

I lifted up my arm and looked at my watch. Three in the afternoon. "Christ," I thought, "Friday." The

commentary

boys were coming back from the front. My skin felt like some bastard was tightening it with a tourniquet. I was feverish, sick. I puked on myself.

Someone told me "Milosevic is a pussy, soon he'll be gone and we will push Croatia back to the sea." This is what I was thinking about, unable to stop the dry heaves. I got out of bed feeling terminally ill; diseased enough to feel powerful. I wanted to rip out my veins with my teeth, eat my own flesh.

Adi came into the room yelling that it was his name day and that



the energy, the anarchy.

This is the fun for people who have nothing; enter the revolutionary young. This is a generation of Mongols, making ready to come and tear out the soft underbelly of the weak. Created out of circumstances they think little about, they mould themselves into

he wanted to kill. He was turning twenty.

This carnival of war will continue. You should fear this. This is the heat of a conflict that burns everything it touches.

Voice reporter Shane Smith was recently in Serbia-Croatia.

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The Secret Meaning of Wu

by "manchilde" Osei Alleyne

a deeper look
into the
Wu-Tang Clan

Out of the belly of **Grand Master Flash**, as the brainchild of **Kool Herc**, hip hop was born saviour-child of young black America. Led through its creeping stages by the **Sugarhill** and **Cold Crush**, hip hop made her first bold steps in **Run DMC's** Adidas.

As a youngster hip hop **Kid 'n Played** with **Rakim**, got down to **Biz** with **Markie** and learned to freak flows with **Big Daddy Kane**. But with puberty hip hop discovered she was America's **Public Enemy #1**. Looking deeping into

science

her **De La Soul**, she realized her roots were in **Bambataa's Afrika**, and went to learn her history from the teacher **KRS-1**.

Her teen years were not **Easy** and hip hop was constantly **Hammer-ed** by the American media. Those years of hip hop were rebellious, preferring gangsters to **Gang Starr's** who were all guns for glammer and glitter. Sadly, while hip hop got high, those high up dressed her in high heels and high-tops and sold her to white high schoolers for high prices.

Three years ago fortunately hip hop began to come back to reality. She took another look at her long prostituted older sisters rock 'n roll and jazz and decided to make a change. To combat record deal moguls and their fake gangsta hand puppets hip hop needed new blood. She searched Crooklyn the **Boogie down**, Strong Island and Queens but found her future on Shaolin (Staten Island). Enter the **Wu-Tang Clan**.

The Wu-Tang's platinum 36 **Chambers** dropped some two and a half years ago and the shock wave still continues. Since their independent release, **Method Man**, **Ol' Dirty Bastard** and **Raekwon** with **RZA** on the boards have continued to bring platinum and gold awards to the clan. The Wu have easily set up the first hip hop dynasty on the east coast, but their success runs much deeper in meaning than dope beats, phat tracks and wicked lyrics.

By 1992 black men had given up on sending their life and soul on demo tapes to record companies whose **A&R men** **Genius** describes

as "mountain climbers who play electric guitars." Black men had become tired of waiting for white record execs, "**Grateful Dead**" and "**Talking Heads**" junkies to give them a chance to capture their dreams. Utterly disgusted by the black gangsta clones, great white hopes (**Vanilla Ice**) and other figments of white fantasy that these companies produce, they began to take matters into their own hands.

Using the very same tactics that the Italians, Irish, Jewish and other communities have used to establish themselves in America, the Wu Tang used partly crime money to jumpstart to create their own Wu-Tang label. It is no wonder that the clan now call themselves the Wu-Gambinos. What beautiful irony there is in using the very same drugs piped into the ghettos by the Mafia and DEA to fund the liberation of those targeted by such actions. Reverse-Capitalism at its finest, the WuTang's success represents the black man's newly enlightened understanding of "The American Way".

Making their Staten-Island ghet-to stoops their own nation, the Wu-Tang deliriously love and defend their home like Italians do Bensonhurst or Jews do Israel With this ghetto nationalism the Wu-Tang seek to eject blood sucking Warners' and EMIs' from black tal-

over the plantation, and now sell cotton to their former masters.

Spreading their success communally the Wu-Tang label has spawned their second generation young soul rebels the **Sunz of Man**. Along with comrades **Shyheim**, **The Black Monks**, and artists like **King Just**, the Wu have made sure that their movement is on a massive scale. Are these Hip Hop Ché Gueveras not making classic revolution? Could there be some deeper social meaning in Raekwon's album title *Only Built for Cuban Linx*?

Of their rough gangsterisms, the Wu-Tang could never compare to Napoleon, Alexander, Capone and the lineage of American presidents who've never used subtlety to pursue their interests. The Wu understand that in a world of Mark Fermis' who regularly deliver Rodney King beatings to Martin Luther King-like dreamers, they must fight fire with fire. They must fight economic exploitation with economic ghetto activism, "We must start are own labels, have our own lawyers, manage our own acts, sell our records ourselves." This could not be too far from true Wu philosophy.

"Violence in self-defense is intelligence" so says Malcolm X and so would the ancient Shaolin Monks that the Wu-Tang emulate. Is it not only fitting that the Wu would choose to emulate one of the few cultures that the great Western capitalist powers have not been able to infiltrate and enslave? What better way discover and defend oneself than through the far eastern martial arts. Wu-Tang's Shaolin swords are sharpened and ready.

Wu-Tang means no more **Otis Reddings** and **Jimi Hendrixes** signing away their lives to record-execs. Wu-Tang means more N.W.A.s, more niggers with attitude, that is business attitude. Wu means more **Ice Cubes** and less **Vanilla Ices**. Wu means more **Black Moons** less **Young Black Teenagers**. Wu means more Nkrumahs and Lumumbas from Harlem to Africa and back. Wu-Tang Clan means Black people and all of oppressed humanity can produce, create and do for themselves by themselves to free themselves.

This is the secret meaning of Wu!



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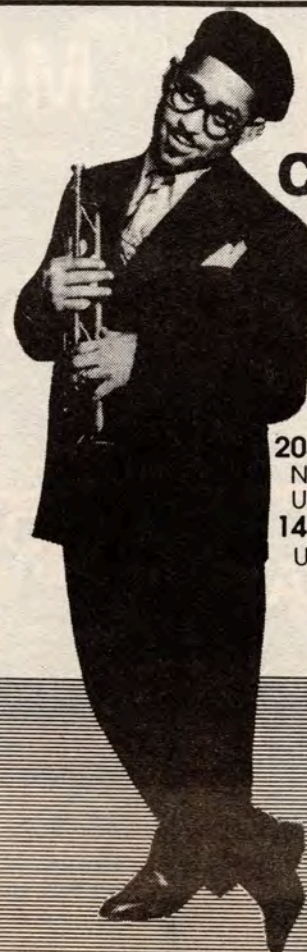
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Furnace Face Crashes Much Music

by Rod Freshveal

The Canadian Music Video Awards unfold every fall in the magical world of the City TV building in downtown Toronto. Basically the G-spot of the commercial Canadian music industry, it is here that the careers of such original entertainers such as Tom Cochrane! Moist! and The Tea Party! are created by

playing their videos so often that you just can't help thinking the music's worth recognizing.

The awards exist to recognize the talent in the Canadian Music Video Industry and to be honest, Much Music do a pretty... good job. For the tv nation, actually attending any function in "realtime" is a source of much frustration, mostly

because you just can't turn the... thing off. Since no one wins the awards except for Bryan Adams or Jane Arden anyway, you're really just waiting around for the free booze at the reception afterwards.

What some bright bastard in Toronto did is decide to combine both the events, so that the actual awards ceremony is in fact the reception, and vice versa. Sheer brilliance. Every glass of wine is your own personal award, every delightfully catered canapé is like shaking Monica Deol's hand.

As my last experience at the CMVA's resulted in me waking up on someone's floor with a cat sleeping on my head and wearing a pair of gym shorts and a slightly undersized blood-stained sweat-shirt which read "The Great Port Elgin Pumpkin Weight-Off", I thought that a couple of rules might be in order for this years ceremonies. Along with "Dave" my "drummer" for the evening, we concocted the following commandments: never wear a suit that costs more than your cigar, be as obnoxious as possible and, lie a lot about who you are, why you are here, and who you know.

And so the night began with Dave resplendent in a pair of light blue rugby pants and a maroon sweatshirt, and myself in a suit which cost much less than my \$3.25 cigar. Once we had made our way through the maze of security and been given our highly ornate "souvenir" medallion, (which we would later pawn off to some 16 year old from Mississauga for \$25, as a "free pass" to the Electric Circus) we were allowed access to this mas-

and I are convincing as;

1) A pair of amateur Video directors from Moncton, who had hitchhiked all the way down to try and get jobs at Muchmusic "Good luck fellas" cries Terry David Mulligan as he is spirited away by a large burly security type.

music

2) A couple of rave crazy kids from Cornwall who tried to convince Monica Deol that we rent a big screen TV at the community center every Saturday and danced our faces off to reruns of the "Electric Circus." "You guys are crazy!" she laughs as she is spirited away by a large burly security type.

3) People who thought "The Wedge" was really representative of the "alternative music scene". "Ya right" chuckles Sook-Yin Lee as she waltzes off with a large burly security type.

Feeling proud of our newly discovered acting abilities, we both collapse in laughter as Alannis Morrisette our home town girl collects another award. Reminding him of her past as a teenage dance diva, I grab a 2 pound chunk of mozzarella cheese and glance it of Dave's head into the crowd. We suddenly notice that there seems to be a large number of burly security types around us. Trying to act casual, I fumble for a lighter to relight my eternally extinguishing stogey, but this is difficult as I realize I'm holding three half full plastic wine glasses. Dave is no help because in some kind of environmentally sensitive stupor he has been stuffing his empties into his pockets, and has about forty of the bastards crammed in there.

"And the winner is..." I look up in confusion as the well groomed voice boomed out of the tv close to my head.

"for best editing in a video..."

I reached over and turned the set off.

"You can't do that you know" a large burly security type voice says.

Dave burps, and something trickles out his nose,

"I think you guys might want to leave, you've had too much to drink, eh buddy?" and a meaty paw pats my shoulder.

"Well drink this you bastard" I screamed and lurch toward the voice with my glass in front of me. Intent on forcing the stuff down the guys throat, all I really manage to do is spill it's contents down the front of my shirt, as my target no doubt highly trained for such a situation, merely steps to the side and lets me fall over.

Rod Freshveal sings and plays guitar for Furnace Face and they won an award but Rod can't remember what it was.

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FRI. NOV. 17- MOLODOI
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sive tent, which housed a number of tvsets and more importantly, bars. Making a beeline for the booze, we realized that this year the crowd seemed to be characterized by a lack of the usual aging rock stars, except for Kim Mitchell, but he doesn't count as he is now reduced to doing ads for those orange Unicef boxes you used to rip off from the kids down the street on Halloween. This relative youth meant there were no scenes of severely inebriated people going up to Randy Bachman (now a born again "rocker" and slugging back the Evian) and asking him just who is taking care of business anyway, but rather severely inebriated people going up to each other and asking to bum a smoke and wondering who is going to play bass for Change of Heart.

As the evening progressed Dave

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the lowride

by Gavin McInnes

Low-bikes are everywhere! From rich Japanese chromophiles in Vancouver to pissed off white trash "gangstas" in Verdun these smooth sailing machines have made it to more towns than a customized '61 Oldsmobile could ever dream of. Why? Because when it starts to snow you can take your '74 old style stingray over to that lovely Latina's house and store it in her closet (not to mention the fact that a \$1000 bike investment leaves you more mackin' than an 18 wheeler filled with burritos).

Growing up in Los Angeles in the early '70s Chicanos, like Patrick Gonzales, felt a need to participate in their big brothers car club. Their great grandfathers O.G. bombs (like the 1931

Ford) became part of Latin American culture and by the late '60s low rider car shows had become a meeting place for the whole community to congregate outside of the street. "Me and my homies started customizing our bikes because we were too young to drive and we wanted to compete," says Gonzales. By the mid-'70s low bikes were an integral part of car shows. Kids were spending hundreds of dollars fixing up their old Schwinn's by adding chrome, gold-plating and welding on slicker frames. This was a chance to get respect from your peers and do it straight. No drugs, no gang-banging just a two-four of pepsi and Mom's 20 pound pot of chili.

The car shows haven't spread as fast as the bikes because of the climate but, over the past five years, the Low-bike population has exploded.

"I'm glad to see low-riding is back" says Matt, a 21-year-old, Ottawa customizer who's been doing it for about three years. "It really died down in the '80s but thanks to the hiphop explosion people are pulling their old bikes out of the garage." Ottawa boasts at least double the low-rider population of Montreal despite being a village of bureaucrats. But such distinctions won't last because these hot rods are quickly replacing masturbation as the number one teenage past time.

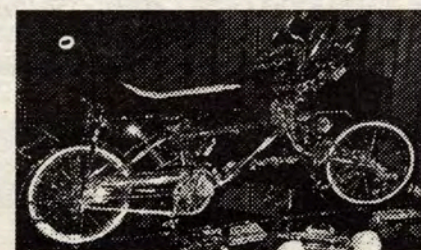
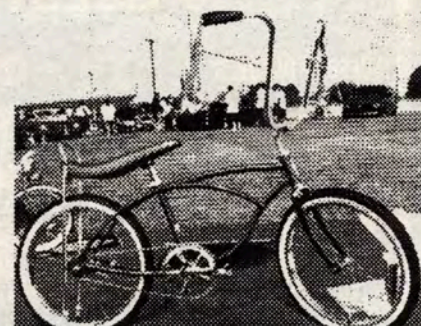
To ride a fully customized '69 Schwinn is to feel a cool silent breeze play with your hair as that plush banana seat comfortably cradles your crack. True Zen self-unity, surrounded by more than a half century of urban culture. So, whether you're following your dream or just trying to get laid there is no high like a low-ride.

THE THREE CATEGORIES OF THE LOWRIDE

OG (ORIGINAL GANGSTER)
One of the most difficult categories to succeed in because merit is based on having all original parts. This means combing the factories and warehouses or finding an untouched bike in someone's garage. You can wash it and you can shine it but any restoration negates the O in the OG.

MILD CUSTOM
The most common category typified by bikes like this one. A 24k gold-plated steering wheel, 68 spoke rims, OG white wall tires, fiberglass/bondo body work, plush upholstered seat, chrome fenders and extra mirrors are still considered "mild," though a bike with all of the above is a hair away from...

RADICAL CUSTOM
A category often deemed to be whack because of its implausability. Radical Custom will include bikes with a tv on the front or a 24k gold-plated chain-link frame. Most of these bikes have thousands of dollars invested in them and are too suped-up to actually ride anywhere.



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live

Fugazi, Bliss, and Shotmaker
Saturday, Sept. 22, Metropolis

Fugazi's second appearance at Metropolis within two years packed a punch that was felt throughout their hour long set. Sporting new hair cuts, professional attire (including guitarist Guy Picciotto's black leather jacket), and a new bass for Joe Lally, they set the stage for a riveting evening of overlaid feedback and piercingly accurate drum licks. Despite problems with the sound system, (not enough bodies to soak up the reverb) Fugazi managed to deliver the old songs, as well as the new tracks off Red Medicine, without a glitch. Ottawa's Shotmaker opened the show with a mesh of hard-driving noise that left the crowd gasping. And after a year in limbo, Bliss' set consisted of older songs with minimal vocals, and an SSD cover that put the joints back into their aggro-dismemberment rock. -Jonah Brucker-Cohen

Godz of Rhythm Showcase: F4!, Infinity, Nazbrock & Le Cerveau, Heavenly Sensations, Road Runner, Flow Rock, Genuine, Addikx, Troupe de Danse Folklorique
September 23, Rialto



Photo: Ron Casseus

I arrived in time to see the last bit of Infinity's R&B croonings and yes, the ladies were just lovin' it up. The concept of the evening was then explained by an emcee—the concept being a black youth-oriented entertainment award's festival, with the awards going to the hardest working crew. Genuine followed with their hardcore hip hop flavor which came off pretty phat. When the madd breakdance crew Flow Rock hit the stage and started bustin' out, the crowd went wild, all runnin' to the front of the stage and yellin' and shit. Personally they brought back some old memories of Breakdance '84 at the Spectrum (ah man I just love reminiscing on the days of old).

After the breakers came the highlight of the show, the steppers. There were two main crews from Montreal, and also the New Jersey Steppers, who were supposed to perform but got stuck at the border. Now what is stepping you ask? Well, if you can imagine traditional African dance, mixed with some modern dance, Quebec rain-boot folk-dancing and a lot of heart, the result is an inner-city funky tribal thing with yellin', stompin', chest-poundin', and genital grabbin' all creating syncopated beats and free-flowin' rhythm. That is stepping. -MossMan

Nomeansno with Alice Donut & Ultra Bidé
Cafe Campus, September 30th

To ensure the eve's festivities wouldn't interfere with the Campus' raging discotheque, this sold-out show got rolling early. I missed Ultra Bidé, a noise rock combo that supposedly rule. Let me first confess that I am normally negatively predisposed to Alice Donut in general. That said, they were pretty good, and also get the award for the most instruments incorporated into an hour set. When the brothers Wright finally hit the stage in all their middle-aged glory, it was very clear who owned the night (at least until 11:00 pm.). Running through selections from every point in their career, plus a select few songs off the new record and a Jimi Hendrix cover. Nomeansno delivered a tight, well paced set that kept the audience singing and bouncing along, eventually leaving us begging for more after two encores. Now that Hanson Brothers guitarist Tom and drummer Ken have moved up to the big leagues (former Nomeansnoer Andy currently leads a more serene life in the Netherlands), this guitar-bass-drums-drums quartet has serious freedom within the group's long list of classic songs to change things a little. A drums-only 'Big Dick' encore as homage to the potential partyers outside the club even had the 40-something Rob Wright crowd surfing. Let's say a little prayer for all of us that when we reach their age. Perhaps we may rock just as hard. One of the best shows in recent memory to pass through this city. -Harris Newman

Spiritualized w/Polara
Café Campus Oct. 8, 1995

In his book *Sleepwalking Through History*, political scientist Haynes Johnston details destruction of America at the hands of the Corporations through their senile, mentally-diseased puppet, Ronald Reagan. The title is a reference to the apathy of a nation of people that not only voted him in (twice!), but sat there watching it all happen like it was just another tv show that would be over in a half hour and everything would turn out okay at the end.

Spiritualized are the absolute embodiment of that paralytic state: bass fills the low end, chiming guitars and cymbals fill the high, the keyboard drones uninterruptedly through the middle—often in a rising and falling two-step that mocks the breath of life—and singer Jason Pierce sounds like he's about to slip into a coma. It is a cloying, claustrophobic sound, like cotton candy given to a child as a pacifier. But like sleepwalkers who awake momentarily to give vent to their anger, Spiritualized's long, hypnotic (boring?) passages occasionally burst forth with a passion that—especially in conjunction with a truly mind-blowing light show—seem to offer hope. It's actually hard not to laugh out loud at this complete and utter sensory bombardment. In a moment it transcends everything that passes before and after. Rise up, brother and sisters, and read with me Psalms 98:4 "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise." -dickbird

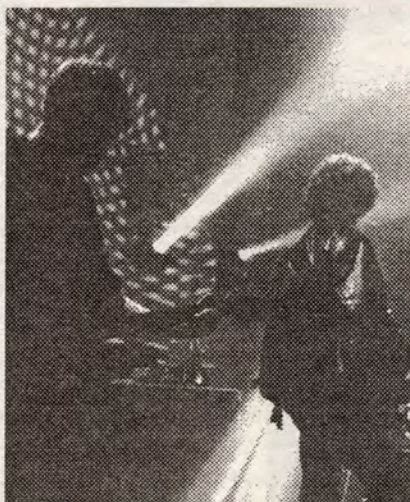


Photo: Suroosh Alvi

The Chemical Brothers
Exit Planet Dust
Virgin

Arising from the ashes of the Dust Brothers (responsible for Paul's Boutique and other chunks of the Beastie Boys' catalogue), this duo probably fits somewhere in the trip-hop/ambient/techno/party groove vain, but that doesn't tell you much does it? Big huge production based mostly around original materials wanders from full-on techno feasts to warm mellow beats, and hardly any vocals (you'll wish there were less). And only a couple dogs in the bunch. Totally commercial, painfully catchy, you're going to love this, even if you'll never own up to it. This one goes out especially to all those who secretly dig those 2-for-1 Pizza jams. -Harris Newman

Nomeansno

The Worldhood of the World (as such)
Alternative Tentacles

This outing the Wright Brothers' 800th or so, steals little snippets of their past lives to make what will probably be their most commercially successful outing ever. Nary an epic in the bunch, this is a plate full of easy-to-digest, high energy (dare I say...) pop songs. Lots of pneumatic drill riffage and breakneck changes remain, but the song structures are slowly going the way of the Hanson Brothers, Nomeansno's 3-chord-punk-rawk alter egos. This album shares a lot of the catchiness of *Wrong*, but for better or for worse, the vocals seem to take center stage on this record. Worldhood can't touch some of the classics Nomeansno have put out over the years, but at least it doesn't suck. A good place to start if you're easily intimidated and have never heard the band, and worth checking out if you're a longtime fan. -Harris Newman

Dub Narcotic Sound System
Industrial Breakdown ep
K/Soul Static Sound

At the other end of the spectrum, Olympia, WA's Punk Pappa and former beat happening Guy Calvin Johnson finally lets his secret love of Dub and funk beats out of the closet. Dub Narcotic is his baby, with a revolving cast of musicians behind him. Johnson's notorious dead-pan vocal delivery actually works in the context of the way Dub Narcotic puts beats and songs together. While most funk relies on strong production values to push ideas further, Dub Narcotic sound thin and stringy. There's not much meat here, but at the same time it sounds like it's all working and heading in the right direction. This is Dub in the D.I.Y. spirit of things. After all, it's pretty tough to make a melodic sound cool, but they manage to do it on both "The beat from 20,000 fathoms" and "Run silent, Run deep" without even flinching. -Fred Quimby

Rhinolift
Greater Hit
(independent)

MTL's Rhinolift release is a 12-song tape which has everything these guys have been through in the last three years. Recordings from before their self-titled CD, live versions of Teshe & School Yard Romeo from this past summer, four-track experiments, a remixed version of Lissi-Man and material from the up-coming full length. The music suggests the boys might need serious psychological help. But, as long as you're not weak-hearted, you should buy their music, see the shows and be damn proud they're around. Rhino never lets you down. -Jay Cutler

reviews

Time Warp Dub-Clash

Old School vs. New School
Island Jamaica/A&M

I'll just say it—reggae is on the come back and dub will be a big part of it. See the rave kids of three to four years ago are starting to get burnt out on the whole "E" thing and want to chill on some new vibes. Also if you look at dancehall stars' there comin' a lot more with the roots and culture thing which makes it that much more accessible. This CD *Dub Clash* is



choice for those who know dub as well for those just starting to get into it. The first part of the disk is comprised of an old

Jamaican album called *Raiders of the Lost Dub* which came out in '81. The majority of the tracks are done by Sly & Robbie. The second part is all U.K. dub producers, the most notable ones being Mad Professor and Jah Shaka. All of these tracks were done in the years of '92 and '93. Yes, reggae is about to blow up again and this CD is the perfect place to start your schoolin'. —Mossman

Superchunk

Here's Where The Strings Come In
Merge/Touch and Go

Superchunk have finally reached their summit with 11 energy-inducing songs that move from melodic choruses to melodic verses, careening over the edge of distro-pop with a kick. Superchunk's fifth record is not so much a turning point from the past as it is a boost of much needed tension and release. The quartet has filled in the gaps of guitarist Mac McCaughan's solo project, Portastatic, and have taken notes from their peers (Polvo, Pitchblende, Fugazi) to produce up-tempo pop with a disjointed feel. If you thought *Foolish* was too lethargic, this one will make you jump.

—Jonah Brucker-Cohen

Unsane

Scattered, Smothered & Covered
Amphetamine Reptile

This new slab of noisy distortion is now pretty much trademark Unsane. Although some may be disappointed, Unsane can still belt out the pants off many "indie-rock" bands and their so-called ilk. New bass player Dave Curran, loader pad alumni and all-around lazy, pot-smoking bum, fits right in the hole left by former bass player Pete Shore. Songs like "Scrape", "Alleged", and "Blew" save this album from the rushed songwriting that went into a lot of these tracks. Live, Unsane are a force to be reckoned with. Lately however, it almost sounds like these guys are close, very close, to that threshold called ripping yourself off. Buy all of Unsane's records, and you'll see what I mean. —Rufus Raxlonovitch

Jazzy B

Folk 'n' Funky

bhangra box

Supertone Melodies/Music Waves

There are only a select few that have earned the rightful title of "overnight success." Jazzy B is one such example. Folk 'n' Funky, his third album, is a far better example of his talent than his previous release which was better than his debut album. Jazzy B just keeps getting better at what he does best, bhangra music. Maybe he's on a winning streak? Possibly, but Folk 'n' Funky shows otherwise. His music and style is something that may have to grow on you but once it has it's permanent! —Mandip Panesar

Sonic Youth

Washing Machine
DGC

Sonic Youth took their N.Y. asses to Memphis, Tenn.. No one vibe, no boundaries. Just simple chaotic bliss. Sonic Youth has regained the confidence to create whatever the fuck they want and that's what we hear here. Orgasmic sounds reach new heart touching moments through all 11 songs. The band's individual personas are exposed and molded together more than ever, showing us exactly what they've accomplished in the last 15 years. Kim Gordon spits her Free Kitten rawness right at you while Lee Renaldo's Saucer-Like and Skip Tracer reassure us that purity is the only way. The last shot is Thurston Moore's The Diamond Sea, a song every music slave needs to experience. The S.Y. story, to be continued... —Jay Cutler

Money Mark

Mark's Keyboard Repair
Mo Wax Import

"Money Mark" is Mark Ramos-Nishita, best known as the keyboard sweeper for the Beastie Boys. This is his full length debut with the ultra hip and fly (!) Mo-Wax label in England, after a 12" and 7" introduction. Part shaft soundtrack, part devo-inspired spazz and jazz, part lounge-like; all very groove oriented. There really are more segments here than full songs. Ideas put forth on 88 keys, some of it sounding like improvs and jams more than any actual followed structure. This record works better as a whole than as individual pieces, which is perhaps why the 7" left me a little unsatisfied. If you liked the tender, more mellow moments of the Beastie's Paul's Boutique then this would make a fine companion. —Fred Quimby

Palace Music

Viva Last Blues
Drag City

Will Oldham's mind is like a rusted merry-go-round. Ever since his debut album, *There is No One What Will Take Care of You*, appeared in 1993, his song writing and style have been drenched in self-apathy, and bleached with isolation. With *Viva Last Blues*, along with the spring release of the *Hope* e.p., Oldham has abandoned the solo guitar strumming, and opted for a full band to fill his lyrical output. The new Palace sound, drowns out the psychological minimalism of previous records, and focuses more on song structure and composition to even out tensions. Produced in Alabama by Steve Albini with drum tracks provided by Sebadoh bassist, Jason Lowenstein, Oldham seems to be closing the gap between introspective self-pity and depression, and opening himself up for a wider audience. —Jonah Brucker-Cohen

Alice Donut

Pure Acid Parc
Alternative Tentacles

Wow, 45 minutes of lame-O "experimentation," ranging from "trippy" Jane's addiction rip-offs to horrible cock rock/metal crapola. I guess now I understand why Alternative Tentacles have no more credibility. *Pure Acid Parc's* sole redeeming quality is "Mummenschantz Pachinko," a 30 second ditty featuring a coconut drum machine and the stupidest vocals since Eddie Vedder. I really hope nobody is fooled by Alice Donut and their sappy, expensively-produced, hiply marketed fusion rock. Ironically, this album is almost as sad as Jello Biafra getting his ass kicked by crusties at Gilman last year. Mainly because nobody cares. —Gollner

Six Finger Satellite

Severe Exposure
Sub Pop

It was the best of times and the worst of times. A dark stormy night. Perhaps it was the environment that caused this young turk to take refuge in the bosom of Six Finger Satellite's latest release. A flurry of noise and jubulence caressing the pleasure principle while flirting with Germanic anger. It's punk, it's new wave and frankly how can it be wrong when it feels so right. Buy it for Gary, for Klaus. —Derrick Beckles

Blag Dahlia

Venus with Arms
Atavistic/Cargo

So, yeah, this is the same Blag Dahlia that fronted the semi-legendary Chicago ensemble The Dwarves. I guess this is what is called a CD? Whatever. All I know is the shit's over way too quick. A great slab of music that, while not as frenetic as pace as Blag's Dwarves material, still puts me in the mind of Johnny Thunder's Dolls/Heartbreakers days. Straight up dirt punk for the '90s hoss, two beers up. Get it while the gettin's good. —Coinner

Boss Hog

(self-titled)
DGC

Cristina Martinez has long been deemed the most fabulous babe in indie. Too bad the major move forces her to relinquish her crown. No matter—it will only help facilitate her lofty goals. We know—hubby (and bandmate) Jon Spencer disclosed her dreams of talk show guest stardom. Boss Hog's newest might just put her in that desk-side chair. Slick and styling, it's got the suavy R&B trash sass of 93's *Girl+*—but less rhythm, more blues—Blues Explosion, actually. He produced, but she "reduced", likely scrapping the unsuitable macho excess. Boss Hog is Cristina's baby—don't doubt it. This is a work far too chic to be solely at the hands of Spencer. —Ilana Kronick

Lisa Gerrard

The Mirror Pool
4AD/Polygram

When you think about it, latter-day Dead Can Dance albums are not unlike the fine art of wine-tasting, with the Brendan Perry-sung, rhythmically-inclined ancient/ethnic songs the wine to the Lisa Gerrard's ethereal, otherworldly bread. The bread is absolutely essential in wine-tasting, to cleanse the palette. In the same way, Gerrard's songs provide a spiritual balance and grounding point over the course of a CD. On *The Mirror Pool*, unfortunately, all we get are Gerrard's stark, orchestrally-backed vocal excursions. Gorgeous, yes, but like a steady diet of bread, a bit dry after a while. —dickbird

Jimmy George

Hotel Motel
Cargo

This all original collection is evidence that Jimmy George is prolific at something other than bearing children. Marty Jones (ex-Furnaceface) has preserved the edge found in Jimmy George's live shows with a mix that subdues the mandolin and fiddle, belying the celtic rock influence prevalent in vintage Jimmy George. This reveals the Jr. Gone Wild influence, highlighted by J's voice—finely honed by Rothman's blue—leaving you with the warm rosy feeling of a freshly spanked bottom. Jimmy George will be embarking on a nationwide tour in support of their CD, so you can check them out at a *Hotel Motel* near you. —Sean Smith

Augustus Pablo

Classic Rockers
Island Jamaica/A&M

Pure sweetness. This disc is a must for any true reggae fan; dub remixes, old 12" recordings and previously unreleased tracks. Augustus Pablo and the classic



rockers style consists of a keyboard, the beat, and another wind-based keyboard called the melodica, which depending on

it's size is played through a side mouth-piece or long tube coming out of the frame. The classic rockers sound is minimalist, clean and eerie. Most of the tracks were recorded and mixed at the veteran King Tubby's studio by Tubby and Pablo. On my scale of judgement it ranks in at eight blunts out of eleven. —Mossman

The Invention of God

Links Between Day and Desire
(independent)

Clifford Duffy's poetry/music tape blasts an "anti-oedipal" philosophy from the rooftops in a delirious celebration of human potential. "Gangster Baudelaire" anchors a Ginsbergesque Howl with a tribal funk beat to explore possibilities for desire and redemption in a wasteland choked by AIDS and ignorance. "White Fire" overlays haunting strains with a meditation on alienation that puts post-modern cynicism in its proper place—the rubbish heap. "Fall Baby," the centrepiece, fearlessly catalogues the soul-destroying nature of frustrated desire in a capitalist/schizophrenic world, only to move through a powerful apocalyptic synthesis to utopian crescendo. Clifford Duffy's good faith, passion, and virtuosity make *Links Between Day and Desire* a rich, multilayered manifesto of hope in an age of cultural savagery. (available at L'Oblique and Danger! for \$7). —"Jake"

Country Teasers

(self-titled)
Crypt/Matador

If honkabilly wank is your trendy genre of choice, Country Teasers will put it to ya indie-style with enough muddy slides and red-necked dives to conceivably pose as the Southern fellers they aren't. Hailing from all places, Edinburgh Scotland, these sexist pigs couldn't be more brazen if they tried. Misogynist doesn't even cut it: Didn't get married to be treated like a play toy / When he says are you ready / Her line is ... Anytime Cowboy - "Anytime Cowboy". Like that? Check out "Bitches Fuck Off", "O Nurse" and of all covers, Tammy Wynette's "Stand By Your Man". Oh honey, I will. —Ilana Kronick

The Sea and Cake

The Biz
Thrill Jockey/Touch & Go

Pigface

Feels Like Heaven
Invisible/Touch & Go

Quick-name three sexy cities. Montreal, of course. Paris, classic choice. New Orleans, a bit sleazy, but yeah. Well, I've got one for you: Chicago. Yes, the windy city—home of Da Bears and Da Bulls, a tough, ugly, working-class city. From the visual standpoint—the dominatrix of our sensory lives, if you will—there is nothing remotely sexy about Chicago. But if we talk music, then we enter the realm of sound, leaving behind the superficiality of the eye to confer with the soul. And Chicago's got soul. And blues. And rock. Bands like Ministry and Girls Against Boys may be big, loud and scary but their Dionysian excess is never less than sickly

He is Just a Rat

by Tony Walsh

comics

Exclaim Brand Comics

Ratboy's sledgehammer-slapstick violence and urban drunk-punk punchlines are sacrilegiously contrasted with beautifully slick computer-enhanced production (sponsored by international indie rock mag *Exclaim!*) so if Toronto legend Tony Walsh doesn't take over the world comics are doomed.



sensual. Even Pigface, whose early albums were about as sexy as a double hernia, have hit stride with their latest, an album of remixes from last year's libidinous *Notes From The Underground*. These songs were killer even before they were teased and tweaked by the likes of Youth, Psychic TV and Die Warzau. You won't even notice there's three versions of Chikasaw, and if you do, you won't care. It's that good. Far and away though, the sexiest kids on the block are The Sea and Cake. A logical progression of Sam Prekop's previous band, Shrimpboat, The Sea and Cake are the timid, yielding yin to Pigface's belligerent (but sexy!) yang. The Biz's strangely seductive tracks slide along so inconspicuously and so innocently that you find yourself passionately entwined without even knowing their names. I might be moving to Chicago soon... —dickbird

Space Shits

(self-titled)
demo

Alright all you new jack, fat pants, chain down to your ankles, fly goggles wearing mother fuckers. Taker a listen to some punk fuckin' rock that'll blow your Greenspring ass back into your first Guns 'n Roses shirt. The Space Shits are playing some no frills, no extras bare bones rock "n roll in the finest New Bomb Devil Suckers tradition. Listen to the sonic assault on riff ripe rippers like "I'm Dead," "Space Shits Please" and "Showdown on 3rd St." Go Space Shits or die bitch. (Available at Oblique Records or write them at 4844 St-Laurent, Montréal, Québec, H2T 1R5.) —Coinner



Michael Bolton

Michael Bolton's Greatest Hits
Sony

Michael Bolton is the personification of evil. The ultimate appropriator of culture. A rich-ass white jock blaspheming Gods like Otis Redding, Marvin Gaye and Sam Cooke while making more money than they ever saw. The overwhelming irony of the CD insert makes me ashamed to be white, with it's photos of Bolton giving \$50,000 to The Harlem School of the Arts while chillin' with tennis pros like Andre Agassi and Chris Evert. Oh Lord, why did you drop that light fixture on Curtis Mayfield's head and allow MiKKill Bolton to continue making shit albums like this one? —Gavin McInnes

He's Just Some Goofball Dork From Wherever

cover story

By Johnson Cummins

Most people either remember Crispin Glover as Andy Warhol in Oliver Stone's *The Doors* or as Michael J. Fox's geek father, Marty McFly, in Stephen Spielberg's *Back to the Future*. But his best performance would have to have been when he appeared on the David Letterman show in support of his then new movie *River's Edge*, in which Crispin put in a stellar performance as a speed freak named Layne.

The now infamous segment of the show opened with a brief introduction by Letterman and had Glover leaving the green room wearing a wig, platform shoes, and a circa 1970 shirt with pants. Appearing unnerved by Letterman's questions Glover chose to answer everything in half-sentences, lending the segment an

do you want to arm wrestle?" At this point Letterman had a genuine look of fear on his face. Then came the moment that would keep Glover in the minds of many and become a topic of much discussion. He screamed "I can kick" and proceeded to kick his foot right at Letterman's head missing him only by inches. Letterman ran from his desk calling for a commercial. When *Late Night* returned Glover was nowhere to be found. David explained Crispin's absence from the show by saying "He came very close to denting my head and I don't need that. He's just some goofball dork from wherever."

"I think I've only done about two or three interviews ever where someone has not asked me about the David Letterman Show," said Glover. "It really seems to be something that people reflect upon despite how long ago it appeared." As far as describing what was going through his head that night he prefers to be elusive about it, "I find the best thing is to leave it as kind of a mystery and just let people come up with their own conclusions. I think that's a lot more fun. If I talked about it a lot I think it would spoil the fun."

One thing Glover is eager to talk about is his new movie, *That's It*, which he directed and has almost finished editing. The movie features children with Down's syndrome acting in the lead roles. John Encinos, one of the actors in the film, has also appeared on *The Kid's of Widney High* C.D. (see "Recordings for Deviants," *Voice* Vol. 2 #6). "I wrote the script with the intention of promoting the use of

actors with Down's syndrome in main roles. I shot the film in four days and it just ended up turning into a feature film that I'm extremely proud of."

I, like many others probably, was a little suspicious of Glover's intention to use a cast of mentally challenged people. After talking with him and listening to the

stream at all because I think it's very important to have work out that a lot of people can see," said Glover. "As an actor I'm finding it increasingly harder to find roles that I find interesting so I'm trying to concentrate more on my own projects."

Some of those projects include his publishing company *Volcanic*

re-establishing copyright." Future releases include a screenplay Glover wrote for a film that he liked so much he chose to reserve it for his publishing company.

While preparing to interview Crispin Hellion Glover I was bombarded with rumors running the gamut from "Crispin is currently a taxi driver in San Francisco" to "his entire house is taken up by his antique medical supply collection," both of which are false. Crispin is accustomed to these rumors get-



excitement *That's It* generated, it was obvious his intentions are honest.

"The reason I've always wanted to work with the mentally handicapped is because I've always felt that they would be good actors and work well on film," said Glover. "People with Down's syndrome have a different kind of thought process. They're thinking about different things compared to what most actors are thinking when they're in front of the camera. I find that very interesting artistically."

Glover is thinking about distributing the film himself by bringing it into each city à la William Castle. "I wouldn't say I'm against the main-

Eruptions, which his mother helps run. *Volcanic Eruptions* is responsible for putting out his books, which is what will bring him to Montreal on Oct. 23 and Ottawa on Oct. 27. "My new book is called *What It Is and How It Should Be Done*. It's a compilation of three books which appear in my slide show."

About half of Crispin's books utilise manipulated text, lifted from obscure books. "I'll usually find bindings that interest me on some level. Sometimes it's purely what's on the binding and sometimes it's the text within. In most cases the books are over a 100-years-old and extremely obscure. So I'm not really too concerned with anybody

ting attached to his name and, at times, even seems entertained by them. "Through media everything kind of turns into propaganda. I think you can get a feel for what is being generated from somebody, but it's important to realise how media can be altered. I tend to think a lot of what I read and hear are lies," said Glover. "It always seems to be one person's opinion that they want to present to the people at large. I really don't care about people thinking I'm weird or whatever. I'm more concerned with just doing the things I want to do."

Voice reporter Johnson Cummins has a pet iguana; his pastimes include bowling and the electric guitar.



a page from Glover's book: *Oak Mot*

air of unease which affected everybody, including the late night host.

As the interview came to an end Glover lept out of his chair screaming "I'm strong, I can arm wrestle,

MONDO BIZARRE

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Montreal Peepshow Mania!!!

The cold and flu season is upon us and as Montrealers we are all familiar with the aggravation of being caught downtown with a runny nose and no hanky.

But instead of buying a fifty cent pack of tissues why not pop into one of the city's many conveniently located peepshows, where you can get quality porn viewing and all the tissues you want for a couple of bucks?

A peepshow (or jackshack) features a collection of movies for your viewing pleasure in about 30

film

separate booths (the kind of films your spouse won't let you bring into the house). You can channel surf for four minutes for a mere dollar (some are \$1.25). There will be no woman waiting behind a pane of glass to gyrate for you à la Madonna in her cheesy *Open Your Heart* video. So don't bring the kid.

You will find a section of films available for purchase and a theater showing a feature length flick which changes daily. This means

ishments on Mt. Royal St. around the retro clothing stores (so we can all diddle ourselves wearing our brand new, overpriced, secondhand outfits). Or you can head to the St. Hubert mall, also known as the bridal district, where downstairs from the arcade you're welcome to stop by with your maid of honour while waiting for your shoes to be dyed to match.

Single booths are outfitted with screens behind you so the film is reflected onto a mirror. This is so men don't jizz all over the screen. Can't you guys keep your bodily fluids in line? First you're pissing on toilet seats and now you're cumming on tvs!

In the double booths there's ample legroom. You could get three or four people in there if you wanted to. Heck, six if they're small! There is a double screen, a standing ashtray and approximately 32 channels (with all those VCRs going electricity bills equal about \$3000 a month)

The selection includes straight, gay and lesbian films. There is even a black and white flick for the more artistically inclined. If you're lonely, by the way, one of the meandering prostitutes would be happy to give you an efficient blow

prices range from \$2.25 (juice) to \$85 (Cordon Rouge). At a strip club you will pay about \$150 for the same bottle of champagne and you can't ram it anywhere when you're done with it either.

While the other peepshows seem relatively deserted this is clearly the hotspot. On weekend nights it attracts between 150 and 200 people. With the exception of some middle-aged men playing poker and one perverted looking, fat, old fart, the patrons are mostly teenage boys who wandered up from the arcade downstairs. Women are rarely seen and when they do cross the threshold they are usually either looking for business or escorted by a male.

All peepshows are identical in decor right down to the Sri Lankan

by Suzie Hoo

employees. Nary a throw rug or watercolour in sight. Just red walls, since red is the colour of passion, and leather seats (sticky, sticky). It is, if unsightly, practical and easy to clean. After all, scrubbing fermenting spunk off a Van Gogh can't be any fun.

Although the jackshacks are generally clean, I wouldn't go rummaging through the garbage for any snacks. Their striking similarity is easily explained by the fact that they are all owned, along with 25 other jackshacks and 20 arcades, by the same person. As to why he hired Satan as his decorator, the elusive, German, overlord was unavailable for comment.

Although they are supposed to be filled regularly the contents of the napkin dispensers are all, surprisingly, less than satisfactory. So maybe it's not the best place to run to when you feel a sneeze coming on after all. However, if you feel the little admiral starting to salute and you absolutely must take care of it right away, keep in mind that dropping your pants in public is still deemed unacceptable, unless you happen to be a performance artist. Alternately, if you head for a public washroom you might have to wait in line for the stall. At a peepshow you are almost guaranteed a booth without even making a reservation.

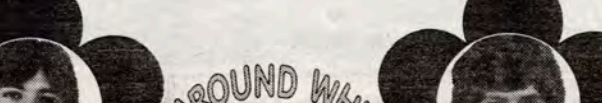
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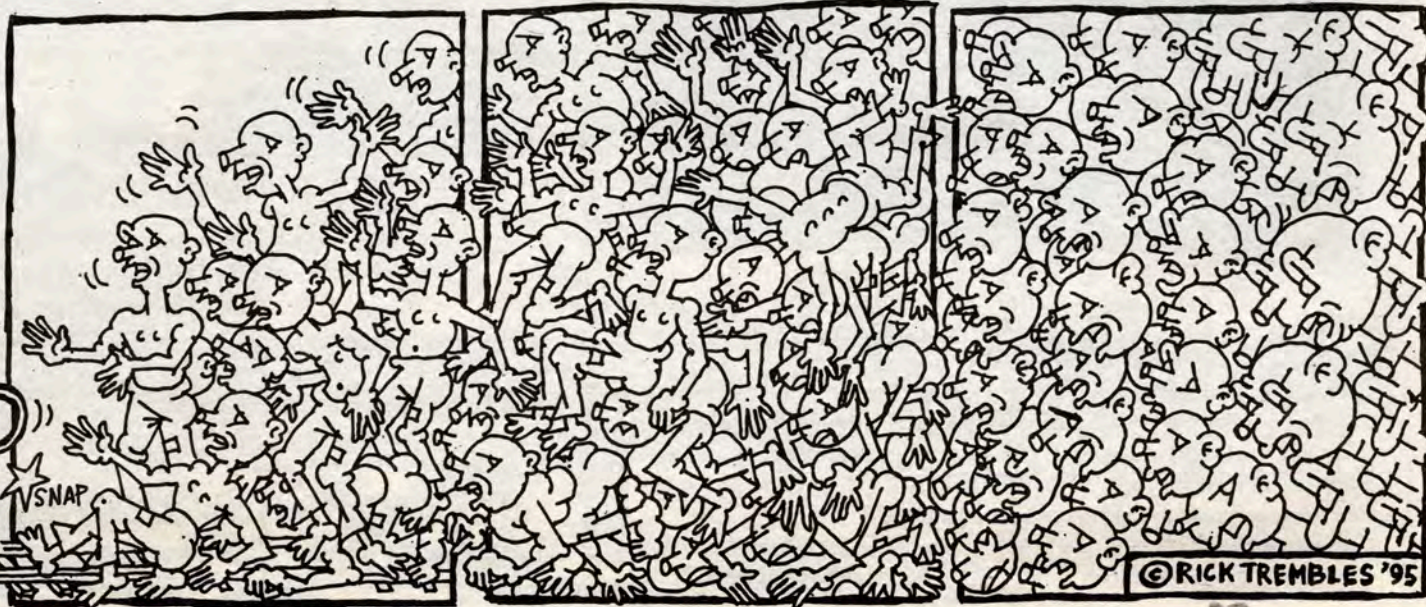
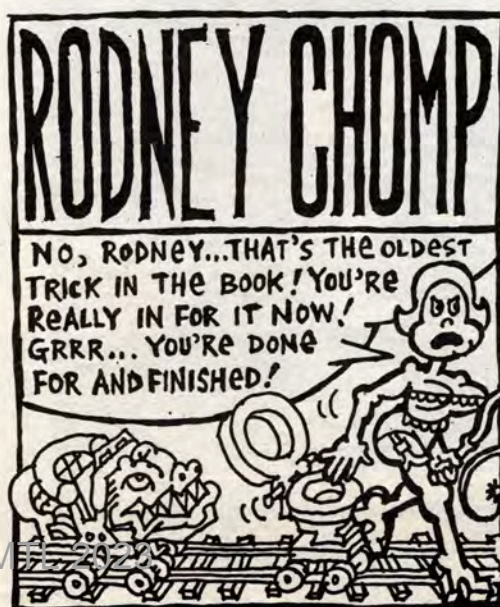


photo: André Forget

that if you really enjoy *Suzie Suckem Silly* or *Chicks with Dicks Lick Rick's Stick* then you better catch it twice on the same day because tomorrow it'll be replaced by yet another riveting epic. Oh yes, there's even a Pepsi machine, because pumping the piston can be

job for the low price of only thirty dollars. Kleenex availability, however, isn't as ample as you might expect so when your time runs out take your runny nose down to a similar establishment on the corner of Ste. Catherine and de la Montagne.

This one offers the added bonus of poker machines and a bar. Drink



EIGHTBALL'S DANIEL CLOWES ON GIRLS

interview by Marc Bell
Dan Clowes understands you, whether you are of the feminine or masculine. That is the beauty of his art

acclaimed comic book, *Eightball*. Dan has been churning out this mighty tome for five years and is now consistently selling in the top five in the "lucky to break-even" world of alternative comics (which would make Dan one of the world's tallest midgets). Unlike most comic books, *Eightball* has real girls in it, the kind you might see walking down the street.

VOICE: What kind of girls do you like best?

DAN CLOWES: I only like one girl and I'm married to her.

V: Can you talk about your strip "Ugly Girls?"

D: Uh... Well... I grew up around, uh, sort of obnoxious Jewish girls. That was the predominant type in the school I went to. I guess the first girls I ever fixated on were older high school girls who wore horn-rimmed glasses or those cat eye glasses that became really nerdy in the late sixties. And, you know, they had that sort of short pixie haircut and they were loud and obnoxious. They all grew up to become hippies, basically. So I had this weird fixation with these Jewish girls who were sort of the pre-hippies of 1964.

V: And you went from them on to punk girls [Dan was in NY at Pratt during the punk/new wave explosion that changed your life].

D: The punk girls were sort of imitating that

look (the Jewish girl look) unconsciously, and I was drawn to that.

V: I don't know what it's like in Berkeley, but there's this sort of thing around here I would call a "pedophile style".

D: (laughs) Girls trying to look like they're 12. Mostly it's just college girls dressing like they're 12.

V: I guess it's a rave thing, or...

D: Yeah, well, I also see in fashion magazines one of the big trends is for girls to dress Victorian, a Victorian little girl style. It's really twisted.

V: I had a Christian girlfriend for about three years.

D: Yikes.

V: What about the Christian girlfriend you moved to the "Amway owned shithole" (otherwise known as Michigan) for?

D: Well, virtually everybody who lives in the state of Michigan, except in parts of Detroit, is Christian. Western Michigan has the highest concentration of Christians and churches than anywhere in the country actually, which most people wouldn't think. I met her and she was totally not religious, didn't even refer to it at all. Then when I'd finally wound up moving there, she'd had this conversion over the weekend, when her father had told her that she had to be a Christian or, you know... He gave her the whole scare story about how she was going to go to hell. And so all of a sudden that was the most important thing in our life. I didn't know what to do at first, I sort of just played

along with it. "Uhhhh yeah, I believe that stuff, sure." Of course that lasted for about three days and then it became a miserable hell. Of course, I had just moved there, so, I wasn't about to split immediately.

V: I'm impressed with the way you portray young women in comics. There's this surface glib, hipness and still a subtle indication of the pain within.

D: Yeah, well, I spent a lot of time around women who were between the ages of 18 and 20. I think I have a good ear for the kinds of things they really talk about (koff). I was sort of a quiet, shy guy and I would be in rooms with, like, five jabbering 18 year old girls and they basically sort of forgot I was there, so I could hear the stuff they were really talking about when they didn't think anybody was listening. And one time Peter Bagge [Peter Bagge is a like-minded cartoon genius who produces a comic book called *HATE*, see *Voice*, vol. 2 no.5] pointed out to me, "you know, you and I both talk like teenage girls. We say stuff like 'he goes this' and 'he goes that.'" You know, we just use all these expressions that teenage girls use. All I have to do to write these characters is to really think of the way I would say something and usually it comes out the way a teenage girl would talk (koff). But, um, I mean basically I just use those girls to, like, express my own opinions. But they're characters that are so different from me, that nobody accuses me of...they just say "oh, those characters are so obnoxious." Which is great.

V: I'm wondering what you thought about the film *Crumb*, [Robert Crumb has been agonizing over women in his comics longer than you've been living].

D: I thought it was terrific. I was sort of aware of the whole story of Crumb, so, when I first saw it I thought; this is very interesting to me, but nobody is gonna like this, nobody's gonna have any way to relate to this character. And then, of course, it became this huge sensation. I was really shocked it was so well received. I think it's an incredibly well-made film. I can't imagine what it would be like going to see it with no knowledge of who Crumb is. It really would be a different experience.

V: I think the family aspect of it was the attraction [like everybody's family, Crumb's is a mess], it managed to avoid a lot of "comic geek" stuff.

D: Everybody in my family called up and they were all really concerned because it reminded them so much of me, in every way. And they realized "that nervous laugh you have is a way of dealing with the immense pain in your life. That you're actually just laughing at it." (laughs) So now everybody is all concerned for me, because of that.

Eightball is published by Fantal-

graphics Books (Seattle, WA.) and is readily available at danger! books in Montreal (3968 St. Laurent) and other quality comic stores.

Marc Bell is a Montreal cartoonist who's published works include *Hep*, *Mojo*, *Action Companion Unit*, *Boof* and a regular strip in *The Voice*. His work (which includes chia pets and beheaded balognas) was recently banned from an artshow in London for being "too unconventional."


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Backshelf Scavenge

by Michael Will

Ed Wood fans are the ideal audience for *Witchcraft Through the Ages* (1921, aka Haxan), a Swedish relic packaged as something cerebral on the strength of its vast age. As pseudo a documentary as has ever been made, it rivals the '60s Mondo flicks for gore and lewdness, while bearing an uncanny resemblance to *Glen or Glenda*? With its hodgepodge of pedantic drivel, confused moralizing and campy dramatizations. The latter, mostly live action elaborations of lurid old woodcuts, does capture medieval life in all its squalidness, with loving attention paid to filthy hygiene, revolting eating habits, torture, debauchery and corruption; among the clergy in particular. One uproarious highlight, a sort of capsulized *Devils of Loudon*, has a flock of nuns erupting into mass hysteria

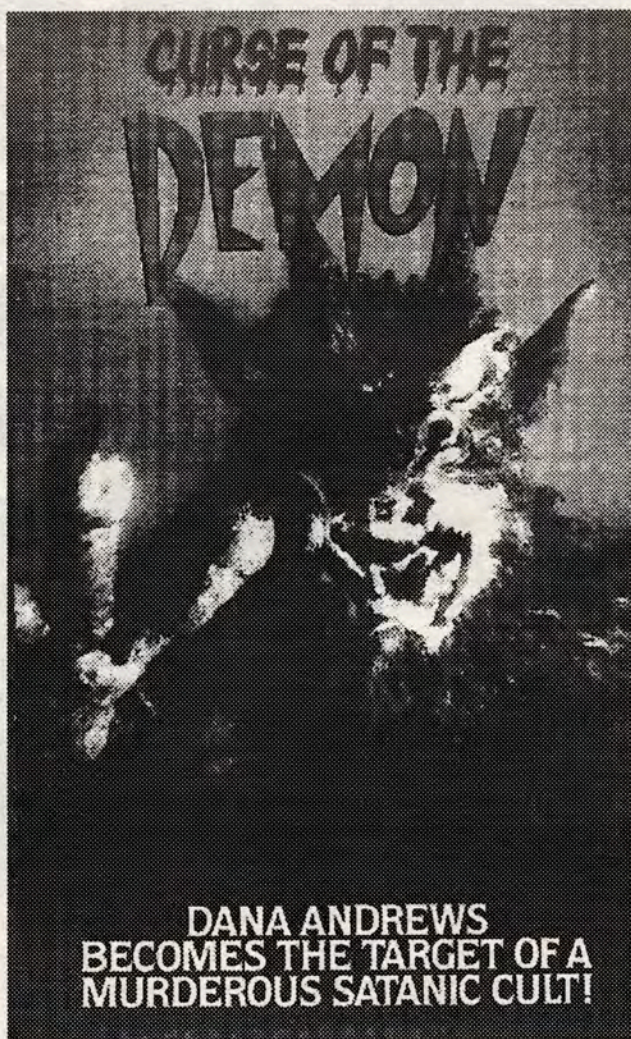
video

when one of their number sticks her tongue out at the Mother Superior. This is at the urging of a smirking horned demon who, along with other Satanic cohorts, makes guest appearances throughout the film, seducing buxom lasses and hosting orgiastic Black Sabbaths. By never clarifying whether this is fact or fantasy the whole exercise avoids having any point of view. On one hand, the horrors of the Inquisition seem to be under attack, with sadistic priests taking out their sexual repression on the local female populace, while the depiction of these same gals cavorting with the Devil and casting spells, often outside the framework of their forced confessions, seems to suggest that the persecution's justified. Things are brought to a splendidly ludicrous conclusion with some (then) modern case histories of mental illness, little eye-rolling episodes with Freudian commentary that are allegedly meant to interpret everything we've seen thus far. A release of the prestigious Janus Video (the art and foreign folks), this great party film reconstruction features an amusingly inappropriate jazz score and deadpan narration by William Burroughs, which doesn't come close to explaining what's going on between the dialogue cards. One constantly pictures the old fool trying to keep a straight face.

Medieval woodcuts also inspired the fantastic monster in *Curse of the Demon* (1957, aka *Night of the Demon*). Though against director Jacques Tourneur's wishes, it's a memorable creation that doesn't detract from the subtler horrors that precede it. One can, however, understand Tourneur's objections: he started his career with the legendary producer Val Lewton, and like fellow protégé Robert Wise's *The Haunting*, this is his latterday homage to the Lewton school of unseen menace. Taking their cue from '30s and '40s radio, Lewton films used sound and suggestion with the correct assumption that scariness is proportionate to what's left to the imagination. For instance, in our first encounters with the demon it hasn't fully materialized. It's nothing more than a nerve-wracking shrillness

piercing the night as it stalks its human prey, trees snapping aside as its crater-sized footprints are gouged on the forest floor. Nifty as the climactic creature turns out to be (certainly more so than that Hanna-Barbera-like thing in the conceptually similar *Forbidden Planet*), its invisibility could've been left well enough alone and perhaps to creepier effect. I'm reminded, with the mention of Hanna-Barbera, of their excellent Lovecraftian Johnny Quest series that I watched as a kid, about a thousand years ago. One episode involved the search for a killer yeti and one never saw more than fleeting glimpses of it, which made for one of the eeriest cartoons ever. A few years later the show came back in syndication with new footage of the yeti in its full glory, roaring and thumping its chest, and it killed the effect entirely.

The demon is one of several conjurations from an uppercrust warlock (Niall MacGinnis); as charming a villain as one's ever preferred to the hero. Though kind to children and his dotty old mother, he uses ancient Druidic curses to murder his way to political prominence. His powers are awesome (he can turn a housecat into a snarling leopard and even whip up a mini-cyclone) and he's all but invincible due to modern beliefs, or



lack of them. These are embodied by visiting American Dana Andrews, a swaggering skeptic just begging to be taken down a few pegs. Based on M.R. James' *Casting the Runes*, this is occult horror of the very top drawer and a finely balanced piece of cinema; its suspense nicely tempered with witty dialogue and moments of wacky comedy, including a priceless "singing séance." Rent it with *The Haunting* for a night of quality scares. *Curse of the Demon* is at the Boite Noire along with the superb works Tourneur did for Lewton: *The Cat People* (1942), *I Walked With a Zombie* and *The Leopard Man* (both 1943). *Witchcraft Through the Ages* is also available at Boite Noire.

Revolutions Per Minute

Spiny Anteaters

Planet Mars/Car Crusher

by Fred Quimby

A four-piece Ottawa Co-Ed The Spiny Anteaters operate on a level all their own. Their latest single ventures deeper into the territory they first explored on their *All is Well* CD. Musically, the Spiny Anteaters are sparse, but they love creating and bending sounds into their own shapes.

The A side's Planet Mars is a seven minute example. It starts off normally enough, recalling early Velvet Underground in pace and chord progression.



What happens around the three minute mark is what makes the band members get up and head to their rehearsal space every morning. They treat song structures like a rubber band, stretching the limits without letting them snap. There's an art to repeating notes and

patterns and keeping it interesting, and they pull it off. I only wish that Planet Mars reached a climax before settling into a locked groove at the end. When it's all over, I'm left feeling somewhat unfulfilled, like something's missing.

The B side's Car crusher is probably as pop oriented as the Anteaters get. It's fuzzy and scratchy, and the vocals sound like they're pushing through layers of guitars. All intentional I'm sure.

What I really like about this band is how unCanadian they sound. Hence, probably, why their affiliation with Chicago's Kranky label (Jessamine, Labradford, Bowery Electric) exists. There's way too many play-by-number bands in this country and the Spiny Anteaters are a nice and distorted breath of fresh air.

(Baby Universe Records P.O. Box 1335, STN. B. Ottawa, Ont. K1P 5R4)

Recordings for Deviants

Crispin Hellion Glover

The Big Problem

(Restless)

by Johnson Cummins

music

Released in 1989 this album of spoken word and songs has remained one of my favorite records of all time. Sure it was anything but a commercial success; but the majority of the records I love rarely are. Hearing Crispin cry his way through Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Were Made For Walking" truly gives new meaning to the immortal words "I found me a new brand new pack of matches and what it knows you ain't got time to learn."

Other "hits" include Charles Manson's "Never Say Never To Always" and "The Daring Young Man On The Flying Trapeze". The true gem on this recording is an original composition to which there is an accompanying video entitled "Clowny Clown Clown". Check out these pearls of wisdom, "I hated that clown, but not as much as Mr. Far. Think I'll go smoke a cigar."

Apparently the album has a running theme which is relevant to the album-title *The Big Problem = The Solution, The Solution = Let it be*. But the theme is somewhat obscure and Glover was not forthcoming. "I don't think it would be that much fun for the listener if I gave it away".

I did however manage to needle a little information out of Glover on how the album was made. "Barnes and Barnes, who are probably known best for there song "Fishheads" approached me about doing an album with them. I was of course excited as I was a fan of their previous work. It started off as kind of a lark but as the recording and creative process was unfolded, I realised that I wanted to make it a theme record," explains Glover. About the Charles Manson cover, he said "I had been introduced to the recordings of Charles Manson and realized that it could be very relevant to the underlying theme to the record."

The record also finds Weird Al Yankovic performing an accordion track on one of the spoken word pieces. But don't be scared off. There's no pop culture satire here, only weirdness of the highest order.

Next Month: Wesley Willis; *The Greatest Hits of Wesley Willis*.

books

The Folding Star

by Alan Hollinghurst
(Vintage)

The Folding Star, one of the most forthrightly and unapologetically queer novels ever to earn a Booker prize nomination, is finally available in paperback. The author, however, had to settle for the "privilege of being nominated," since the prize went to James Kelman for *How Late It Was, How Late*, a stultifying drunken odyssey through some of the more picturesque streets of Glasgow. *The Folding Star*, in contrast, is an intricate tale of love and sexual obsession.

Our hero is Edward Manners, a thirtyish Englishman who has gone to Belgium to teach English to a couple of Flemish teenagers. Scant days after arriving in a small Belgian town, Edward becomes totally obsessed with Luc, one of his students. He goes to ridiculous lengths to be near his beloved. He rifles through the household laundry and swipes Luc's dirty underwear; and gets a friend to give him a hand-job as he spies on Luc from a house he has broken into.

The novel is a fascinating study of the extent to which people debase and humiliate themselves because of a sexual obsession, and how unable they seem to be to control their behaviour until, of course, it is too late. My only problem with this book is that it is a bit on the long side and, despite the acclaim, isn't quite as good as Hollinghurst's excellent first novel, *The Swimming Pool Library*. Now if only Jeanette Winterson could stop being so self-indulgently arty-farty, we might just get a good lesbian novel nominated for the Booker. -Alison McTavish

The N'X Step

edited by Anthony Bansfield
(self-published)

Out of the bowels of Montreal youth, ranging in education, social status and experience, comes a book of poems called *The N'X Step*. Although the range of these poets may seem broad the unifying factor is skin colour, race and the oppression felt by Montreal's Afro-Canadian (the politically correct term for saying "black") youth. The fact is that a lot of the sentiments expressed in Semiotic meter and rhyme, express in one form or another, the oppression felt and the depression created by racism, disguised in all its forms.

This collection was compiled by Anthony Bansfield, who, ironically, now resides in Toronto along with the rest of Quebec's talent and industry. Osei Alleyne ("man-childe"), Deanne Smith ("D") and Saada Branker are a few of the well known young black Montreal poets featured in the book.

The N'X Step sprung from the now defunct Diasporic African Poets group and is a valiant attempt to record the poetic product of this group. Topics range from multiculturalism to Jungle Fever, with a variety of styles and poetic techniques.

As Bansfield's first publication, *The N'X Step* is quite successful in evoking the emotions of both the writer and the reader. Although a lot of the poems are derived from Pan-African spoken word art forms (such as hip hop, dance hall and dub poetry) and Caribbean dialects, which have no established standard, some indulgence is necessary in order to make this book an enjoyable read for some and an enlightening read for others. -Chenier Belgrave

The N'X Step can be obtained at Ethnic Origins book store, 2725 Notre Dame West, Montreal, 514-938-1188.

Buyer Beware!

by Gavin McInnes

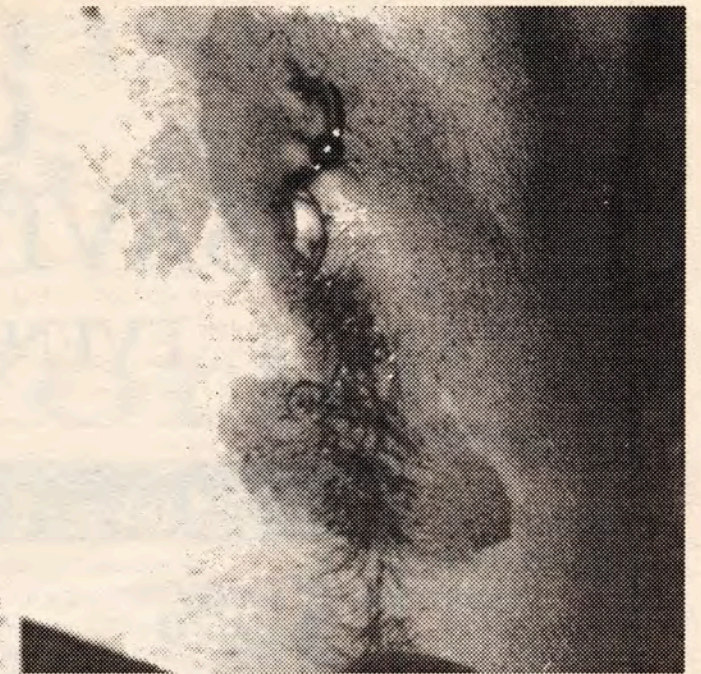
Montreal. The only city in the Western World where you can get a tattoo or a piercing by someone who's never even seen one before. The desperate need for money and a lack of health restrictions has turned this city into a hotbed for hepatitis and deformed nipples. Where else can you get a tattoo so infected the skin is raised for three years, be beaten up by a tattooist for fainting, have your belly button pierced so deep it goes into your stomach lining, or have your penis bleed for three weeks from a botched Prince Albert.

It is not unheard of for tattooists to be hired off the street and start immediately. Needles are shared, nerves are ruptured

and people are brought to court. Meanwhile, the health board does nothing. It seems the city would rather deal with each case individually, rather than take serious action.

Health Department officials, like Dr. John Carsley, claims discipline is rare because stringent checking would send the industry underground. "They will simply perform their work outside of the regulated shops, which may make the situation worse."

Quebec's negligence has made body piercing and tattooing very much buyer beware industries. The only way to stay safe is to insist on checking all the sterilization methods especially if the owner is reluctant to do so.



This gentleman's belly button ring entered his stomach lining

Be that as it may, it should be mentioned that AIDS is next to impossible to catch from a tattoo gun (even when a needle is shared) and many people survive

tattoos and piercings with no side effects. The truth is, the people who survive scarification are the ones who take the time to make sure it's done right.

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The Cramps

*I know an old lady she
swallowed a fly.
I don't know why she swallowed
the fly.
I guess she'll die.*

This old lady celebrated her 33rd birthday on August 11. Her name was Colleen McIntyre, and for lack of a better vocabulary, we were bestest friends.

*I know an old lady, she
swallowed a spider.
That wiggled and jiggled and
tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to
catch the fly.
But I don't know why she swal-
lowed the fly.
I think she'll die.*

In the spring of '84, I fell in love with the Super-8mm film Colleen made called Anaesthesia. It was "ethereal, gothic, industrial" (whatever), and I guess you could say it's the old cliché, I fell for her artistic disposition even prior to having met her. How convenient that she was a knock-out, drag-down cutie in the flesh.

*I know an old lady she
swallowed a frog.
She swallowed the frog to catch
the spider.....
But I don't know why she swal-
lowed the fly.
I guess she'll die.*



A year later Colleen joined me in my quixotic quest of pursuing the cinematic Armageddon, *Shirley Pimple*. For the next few years she was the film production's primary camera operator. During this time Colleen participated in the celluloid documentation of everything from the destruction of derelict World War II National Defence tanks, to exploding gasoline-gorged inflatable sex dolls. Horror stories abound about the tortures of low-budget independent film-making. During the lamentable task of filming *Shirley Pimple* we encountered and eclipsed every cliché of making B-grade amateur schlock movies. Colleen said it was one of the best times of her life, so she happily endured and even excelled in this imploding little war zone. As my enthusiasm and judgement waned, Colleen picked up the slack and won over the confidence of cast

by Demetrius Estdelacropolis

and crew. I became a secondary, infantile yet necessary evil on the set. About the only thing Colleen would not do was this aversion to using camera tripods, even though the old Arriflex BL film cameras we were using easily weighed 35 pounds fully accessorised. Colleen was a 98-pound waif. As the 16 hour shooting days dredged on it became painful to watch her struggle to manoeuvre through complicated take after take. Yet she stubbornly refused to relinquish the camera to a tripod, or worse to a grunt camera assistant. Colleen always seemed to be at war with the small-dick, small-brain, male-macho, rocko-jocko contingent. Nothing I could say could reassure her that job behind the camera was not threatened. Sometimes the film footage would come back mysteriously void of special FX,

"What's inside a girl, it's a whole other world."

*I know an old lady she
swallowed a dog.
She swallowed the dog to catch
the cat.....
But I don't know why she swal-
lowed the fly.
I guess she'll die.*

Colleen had contracted the HIV virus some time in 1987 through a casual sexual encounter. I did not learn of Colleen's status from her but rather from a mutual acquaintance. This person was basically warning me in case I rekindled my amorous laying on of hands in the biblical way. A week later another person also informed me of Colleen's tragic predicament. This person was an even more distant acquaintance. Within a month the subject of Colleen's virus crossed my path again, this time with a complete stranger in a bar. One day even my own mother beckoned me that Colleen was afflicted and to be careful. I could not fathom how she might have found out "I'd heard it through the grape vine, (at least a dozen times) and yes I was just about to lose my mind. Several months would pass between my first news of Colleen's illness and actually hearing it from the mouth of the horsie herself.

*I know an old lady who
swallowed a horse...*

I was extremely relieved when Colleen finally developed enough confidence in our friendship to tell me about her condition. I'd been trying to manoeuvre myself into a position whereby she could do this, but how do you casually coax a person into telling you they're dying and contagious. There was a stunned frustration in her response when I confessed I already knew. Her first reaction was, "and how many people did you blab it too?" Out of guilt I lied and said one. It was really three.

Colleen expressed a lot of anxiety and anger about her condition over the years, but the thing that most frustrated her and that probably took a few years off her life was that people often knew she was infected whether she had chosen to tell them or not. Colleen may have conveyed many ambi-

guities about her illness, but her ability to express her ultimate despair and feelings of betrayal over this issue was frightening in its clarity. Living with the physical and emotional pain and doubt of AIDS is like committing suicide in slow-motion. Dealing with the social alienation compounded Colleen's feelings of being totally doubly "ripped-off!"

*I know an old lady who was
swallowed by a virus.....*

In her last months Colleen could no longer deny her betrayer (the disease) and it didn't matter who gossiped or who knew. Her life was reduced to a process of elimination, waiting to see what part of her

**Colleen McIntyre
1962 - 1995**

system would fail her next. She never addressed her imminent death, but what was the point anyway? I was not about to start probing her about the big questions. A week or two before she passed on, she developed the odd desire to get a dog. I couldn't help finding this funny. Colleen died on September 30, 1995. The last thing she said before she slipped into unconsciousness, the evening before, was "Am I going to die tomorrow?" Or maybe she said "Am I getting my dog tomorrow?"

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Mahatma Gandhi's Grandson on Separation

By Suroosh Alvi

Voice Magazine interviewed Mahatma Mohandas K. Gandhi's grandson, Rajmohan Gandhi, at McGill University last week while he was in town giving lectures. Born in 1935, Rajmohan Gandhi is a former member of Indian Parliament, he was the editor of India's Hindustan Times, he

has written several books on prominent Indian figures, including his most recent biography on the life of Mahatma Gandhi *The Good Boatman* (1995, Viking Penguin India). Currently, Mr. Gandhi is research professor with the Centre for Policy Research, New Delhi, India.



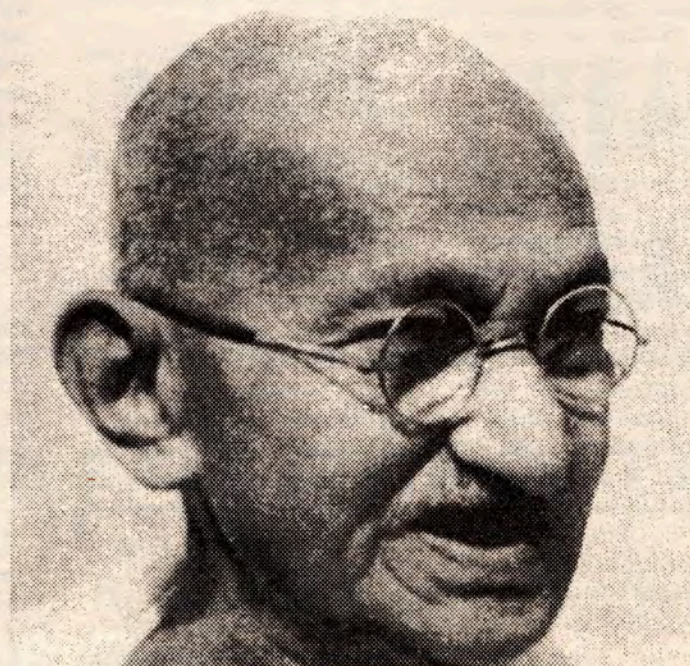
Voice: You quote your grandfather in your most recent book as saying, "To divide India into two is worse than anarchy. It is vivisection which cannot be tolerated. I will say to them 'vivisection me before

interview

you vivisection India'...[the new] sovereign state can conceivably go to war against the one of which it was but yesterday a part." Now judging from the historical and global cases of Bosnia/Yugoslavia, Chechnya/Russia, Slovakia/Czechoslovakia, Pakistan/India, and now the possibility of Quebec from Canada, does Quebec's future referendum have suicidal implications, and are there any universal truths that can be said to exist in the face of a state's separation from its greater whole?

Gandhi: Look, I am definitely not willing to make the slightest indirect comment even! It would be highly improper.

Voice: Oh.



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Punk Queen Assaults Contemporary Dance

by David Liss

Tammy Forsythe Dance Co.,
Monument Nationale Oct. 6-11, 1995
**International Festival of
New Dance**

While Montreal dance companies such as *O Vertigo* and *La La La Human Steps* have gained international acclaim and played a leading role in expanding the audience for contemporary dance they have, in the process, become the Establishment and their artistic boudaries

dance

rarely transcend the level of pop music video.

Meanwhile a new generation of aggressive and exciting dance rebels are seething beneath the slick surface and alternative trash-punk Queen Tammy Forsythe is leading the charge.

The brave and righteous decision to invite the *Tammy Forsythe Dance Co.* to this year's International Festival of New Dance was a controversial one guaranteed to challenge and offend complacent standards of good taste. True dance fans will recognize Forsythe's roots in the contemporary traditions of Merce Cunningham and Belgian dance of the last decade or so, yet stodgy classic-dance old-

sters such as Gazette critic Camilla Malashenko dismiss her word as "unimaginative rubbish."

In her latest work "Buoy", Forsythe uses irony, humour, voice chants, ritual, intense facial expression, purposefully awkward body contortions and elegant free-form movement as an eclectic arsenal deployed to liberate dance and everyday movement from the realm of conventional aesthetic beauty.

Set to the blistering loud sounds of Sonic Youth, Bliss, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion and the Beastie Boys, Forsythe and her crew of three female dancers tackle (almost literally) issues of violence, sexism, racism and environmental degradation with a tough and unrelenting in-her-face attitude. Stage props (a giant cartoon rabbit) and costumes (cheap polyester men's suits) are kept to a minimum keeping things focused on the raw nerve and emotional angst that are the heart of this sonic dance eruption.

Liberation and survival emerge from Forsythe's most recent work as a buoyant thematic life-line amidst the troubled waters of life-on-the-planet in the late 20th century.



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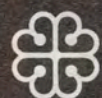
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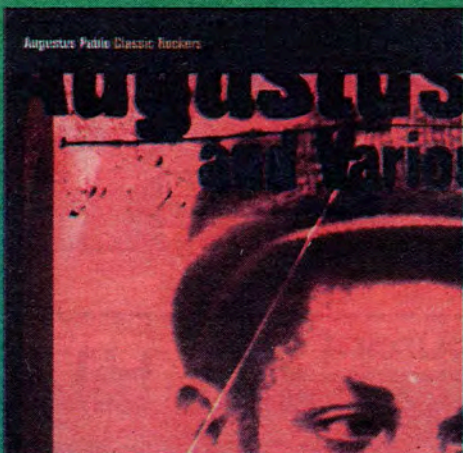


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